Mar. Holla, *Barnardo*,
Bar. Say what is *Horatio* there?
Hora. A peece of him,
Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*;
Hora. What ha's this thing appeard againe to night?
Bar. I haue ſeene nothing.
Mar. *Horatio* ſayes tis but a fantaſie,
And will not let beleefe take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded ſight twice ſeene of vs,
Therefore I haue intreated him along,
With vs to watch the minuts of this night,
That if againe this apparition come,
Hee may approue our eyes and ſpeake to it.
Hora. Tuſh, tuſh, twill not appeare.
Bar. Sit downe awhile,
And let vs once againe aſſaile your eares,
That are ſo fortified againſt our ſtory,
What wee haue two nights ſeene.
Hora. Well ſit wee downe,
And let vs heare *Barnardo* ſpeake of this.
Bar. Laſt night of all,
When yond ſame ſtarre thats weſtward from the pole;
Had made his courſe t'illume that part of heauen
Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my ſelfe
The Bell then beating one.

Enter Ghoſt.

Mar. Peace, breake thee off looke where it comes againe,
Bar. In the ſame figure like the King thats dead.
Mar. Thou art a Scholler ſpeake to it *Horatio.*
Hora. Moſt like, it horrowes me with feare & wonder.
Bar. It would be ſpoke to.
Mar. Speake to it *Horatio.*
Hora. What art thou that vſurpſt this time of night,
Together with that faire and warlike forme,
In which the Maieſty of buried Denmarke
Did ſometimes march: by heauen I charge the ſpeake.
Mar. It is offended.
Bar. See it ſtaukes away.

Hora

Prince of Denm

Hora. Stay, ſpeake, ſpeake I cha
Ma. Tis gone and will not anſw
Bar. How now *Horatio*, you tre
Is not this ſomething more then ph
What thinke you of it?
Hora. Before my God I might n
Without the ſencible and true auou
Of mine owne eyes.
Mar. Isit not like the King?
Hora. As thou art to thy ſelfe:
Such was the very Armor hee had o
When hee the ambitious *Norway* c
So frownde hee once when in an an
Hee ſmote the ſleaded pollax on the
Tis ſtrange.
Mar. Thus twice before and ium
With Martiall ſtauke hath hee gone
Hora. In what perticular thought
But in the groſſe and ſcope of mine o
This bodes ſome ſtrange eruption to
Mar. Good now ſit downe, and t
Why this ſame ſtrict and moſt obſer
So nightly toyles the ſubiect of the
And with ſuch dayly coſt of brazen C
And forraine marte for implements o
Why ſuch impreſſe of ſhip-wrights,
Does not deuide the Sunday from th
What might bee toward, that this ſw
Doth make the night ioynt labourer
Who iſt that can informe mee?
Hora. That can I.
At leaſt the whiſper goes ſo, our laſt
Whoſe image euen but now appea'd
Was as you know by *Fortinbraſſe* of
Thereto prickt on by a moſt emulate
Dar'd to the combate; in which our
(For ſo this ſide of our knowne world
Did ſlay this *Fortinbraſſe*, who by a ſe
Well ratified by law and Heraldry

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